

# Impossible Things

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Summary: Fifteen year old nerd-boy Hiccup is not quite coping with a reversal of family fortune, moving house, new school, a mother with a failing wedding cake business, a dad who left them to fend for themselves, and an impossible crush on the girl next door. His life is a mess, but for now he's narrowed it down to just a few impossible thingsâ€¦

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*OMG hello people! This is my second story, WHOO! First for HTTYD! I adore the movie, and the books and T.V show and everything and i felt like writing a story based loosely on HTTYD. OOHH and I don't know how many of you know about the leaked pictures of HTTYD 2. Dreamworks animation requested to have them removed as they weren't official, BUT before the last ones were removed (it all happened in about 3 days) I managed to copy them to my desktop. I know its copy right, and I take no ownership! But holy moly. When I saw those pictures my jaw dropped, really. IN HTTYD 2, HICCUP IS HOT. Though, it hardly looks like him. HE LOOKS SO OLD. LIKE, 20 YEARS. DYING to see this movie now.\*\***

**\*\*Back to my story, its not set in Berk. There are no dragons in it. Characters are probably OOC. Doesn't follow movie storyline at all. Set in Earth, Australia. Mainly follows Hiccup and Astrid, and Hiccup and his mom. Don't like it, don't read it. Though I hope its good.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>Prologue<p>

There's this girl I know.

I know her by heart. I know her in every way but one.

Her name is Astrid. I yearn for her.

She walks in beauty â€" yes, like the night of cloudless skies and starry nights â€" with one iPod earbud in at all times â€" the soundtrack of her life.

She's stopped biting her nails, except for the left hand little finger.

She's an only child. Like me.

She plays the cello.

She likes mochaccinos. And banana milkshakes â€" made with syrup, not real bananas. And Cherry Ripes.

She has more than one friend. Unlike me.

She lives next door. To where we live now.

She laughs a lot.

Her eyes are the brightest shade of sky blue.

Her hair shines brighter than the sun. sometimes it blinds me.

She never notices me. Probably because I hide from her when she comes my way.

And I can't tell you how I know all this stuff about someone I haven't met.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>HAHA the end! So you get the feel of it, right? Do you like? Please drop a review, they are so greatly appreciated. Please nothing mean. I'll post a proper chapter within a day or two. This story is mostly Hiccup being obsessed with Astrid. BTW, my chapters are wayyyy longer than this, this was just a teaserinformation thingy. Review pleaseee XD\*\*

\*\*~LouiLuvr\*\*

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*Chapter 2

><strong>

If you can forget that it means someone just died, inheriting something is a good thing, isn't it? A stroke of luck. Improved circumstances. But when it happened to us it had the opposite effect. Everything got a whole lot worse. Quickly.

Things had been going wrong at my father's work. Even in a place the size of ours I could hear the fights. Our apparently comfortable life was just an illusion. It was all about to come tumbling down.

Money problems were just the beginning. Listening in from upstairs one night, I understood in a single sick thud of my heart that my

parents didn't even seem to like each other anymore. But since when? \_Smiiiiiiiile! \_That's us. We \_look\_ happy. What went wrong? When? And how did I not notice?

Was I like that frog not realising the water's getting hotter until it's too late and he's soup?

When my mother's great-aunt died and left us a house I thought it might take some pressure off the situation. And it did, but not in the way I hoped. It was about a nanosecond later that my father dropped the bombshell "the family business has been closed down, he had been declared bankrupt, and he was moving out.

Guys, please, one life-changing shock at a time.

A boy from school pulled up on his bike when the truck was being loaded with our stuff.

"See you're moving, Hiccup," he said.

"Your powers of observation are incredible," I wondered if he knew the whole sorry story.

"Hear your dad's gone broke."

He knew.

"Yep."

"Loser."

He took off.

The liquidators went through the place like a plague of locusts. It was horrible walking through the empty house. I hadn't heard that echo-y sound since we moved in. back then it sounded like excitement and things to discover. Now it just sounded like The End and stuff I wished I didn't know.

We'd been uprooted. Liquidated. Terminated. Not to mention deserted. That boy was right. I sure felt like a loser.

\* \* \*

><p>THE LIST:<p>

Kiss Astrid. I know. I haven't met her. But it gets top spot regardless.

Get a job. We're in a complete mess financially. It's down to me to tide us over money-wise if my mother's new business crashes.

Cheer my mother up. Better chance of business not crashing if she's half okay.

It's not like I expect to be cool or popular at the new school, but I'm going to try not to be a complete nerd/loser.

Should talk to my father when he calls. But how, when the only thing I want to ask is something I can't bear to hear the answer to: How

could you leave us like this?

The last one. Figure out how to be good. I don't want to end up the sort of person who up and leaves his family out of the blue.

Impossible.

Impossible.

Impossible.

Impossible.

Impossible.

Impossible.

\* \* \*

><p>Waking up, it's never more than a couple of seconds before it washes back over me, what's real. Wham. A sucker punch to the guts â€" anger sits there with an evil grin. Misery is beside it, weighing me down like a brick. A month since my dad left and my mother and I have moved into her great-aunts' house. It's freezing here. My fingers are so cold I can't make a fist.<p>

The windows have to stay open because of the smell. The only time I thaw out is in bed and it takes ages because the world of electric blankets is past tense.

There are six bedrooms here including the one great-aunt actually died in. That door stays shut. Choosing my room is easy; I go for the one that stinks least. I've been spending a whole lot of time in bed since we moved in. it's like my body is telling me to hibernate, and I'm listening.

It turns out we don't even own this house, either. What my mother has inherited is a lifetime use of the house. When mom dies, it goes to the Historic Homes Trust, not to me.

So if she dies any time soon, I'm on the streets. Or back with my father, I guess that'd force us back into speaking terms, at least. Pity we can't sell the house. It'd be worth heaps. To make the inheritance even stranger, there's some old guy who gets to live out the back, in the old stable building. That's in the will, too, apparently. We haven't met him yet, he's been out a lot.

My mother's not exactly thrilled with the arrangement. But it's like what she says, at least we've got a roof over our heads.

We got to keep great-aunt's dog. Tony. Though that's probably a bad thing, as we have to feed him.

Getting a free house didn't stop my mother from feeling pissed off though. And, yes, we're in the deep end without a floaty so she has every right. She was making a scary growling noise between clenched teeth.

"Do you want to talk?" I asked. Obviously hoping the answer would be

no.

"Talk, ha! I just don't know what the point is, Hiccup," she said. I sensed she meant the point of life, existence etc, rather than the point of talking.

"Well, I guess there's always the old glass half fullâ€¦| isn't there?"

"That really only works if there's actually something in the glass," she said. "We, sadly, are in an empty-glass situation."

"There's the house."

"Yes, the house. I suppose it's better than the streets."

Stress level: extreme. It's like she was a jar with the lid screwed on too tight, and inside the jar were pickles, angry pickles, and they were fermenting, and about to explode.

Where we live now is the exact middle in a row of five houses. It's a massive double-storey Gothic-looking house. It's grim â€" the sort of place you could set a horror film. Its red bricks are blackened with time, or pollution, or both.

Moving in took all of about five minutes.

I saw Astrid for the first time that day.

Invisible behind sheer curtains I stood looking out the window wishing I was anywhere but here, when she walked up the street, dreaming, completely unaware of the tingles in my heart she was creating with each step.

She stopped outside our place and stared up into the bare branches of the tree on the footpath. First checking there was no one nearby she turned slowly around and around and around, framing her view of the twig-snagged sky with a hand held to her eyes.

Then she walked into the house next door, half-dizzy, smiling, and carrying my heart.

There's this sky she likes.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>So.. Do you like? Review please XD <strong>

\*\*~ LouiLuvr\*\*

End  
file.